THE DIAL

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OUR LITERARY LOVES AND HATES.

To have any positive literary likings and dislikings at all, is a gain which often is rated at its real worth only after years of fancied or outwardly-imposed literary tastes and distastes. To have read "Paradise Lost" three times, and to be able to tell why it is numbered among the masterpieces of the world's literature, is good as far as it goes, and it may go far toward refining the taste and making it impossible to enjoy unreservedly a metrical performance like "Lucile"; but it need not mean that one heartily and spontaneously revels in the grandeurs and sublimities of Milton's epic. The proudly acknowledged favorites of those young readers who are something better than frivolous readers, or readers of cheap sensationalism, are and must be, as a rule, the books they have been taught to believe they ought to like, not necessarily the books they voluntarily choose out of a whole library. What then is the sense of dismay and confusion with which the adult reader one day discovers that what he has always supposed he had a real preference for is after all far from being what he instinctively and temperamentally craves, and what he now recognizes as his proper literary pabulum! The mingled astonishment and self-reproach and sense of enlargement at so astounding a revelation to oneself of one's previous conscientious dishonesty (for such it really is) bear a close resemblance to those feelings of combined remorse and freedom with which one at last discovers—if he belong not to the class of those who never attain to the power and privilege of thinking for themselves—how small a hold on his inmost convictions some of the traditionally-held tenets of his religious faith actually have. That there is not, as we had supposed, one and only one road to salvation, either intellectual or spiritual, for the whole world, is at first a disconcerting but afterward a more and more exhilarating discovery. We too—it dawns upon us—help to determine what books shall be profitable for edification and shall survive the literary deluge. Even our weak hands aid in building the ark whence shall step forth on some distant Ararat the authors chosen out for rescue from a speedy ob-

livion and for the future guidance and uplift of the race.

But beyond the fact that readers as a whole decide the fate of writers, and that certain general kinds of books are, and so far as we can see always must be, esteemed superior, and certain other kinds inferior, there is world-wide room for difference of opinion in the judgment of literature, and there are boundless possibilities of unforeseen developments in both the tastes of readers and the productions of writers. The only thing to be counted on with certainty is that the unexpected will surely happen with refreshing frequency on both sides.

The curiosities of individual taste that tend to puzzle the philosopher would form a list long enough to circle the globe. Why, for example, should the sane and sensible Macaulay, of vast reading and of unusual powers as a writer of solid and enduring books, have revelled in Richardson's pitilessly spun-out essays in didactic sentimentalism? "Clarissa Harlowe," he told Charles Greville, he could almost restore if it were lost,—which is far more staggering than his reputed ability to reproduce "Paradise Lost." Even bluff old Johnson, the uncompromising foe to all namby-pambyism, and known to have acknowledged to Boswell that "you would hang yourself from impatience" if you read Richardson for the story, held his novels in high esteem and commended their author as the first to teach the passions to move at the command of virtue. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who declared that Richardson knew nothing of the manners of good society, could not help weeping "like a milkmaid" over "Clarissa." A certain Dutch minister, Leslie Stephen tells us, even went so far as to maintain that parts of this novel, if found in the Bible, would be "pointed out as manifest proofs of divine inspiration"; and Rousseau, in a letter to d'Alembert, avows that there is in no language a romance equal to or approaching "Clarissa." But any robustness of appetite on Rousseau's part for sentimental mush served in quart bowls need not greatly astonish one. In fact, there is in one sense nothing surprising in the admiration professed by any of these persons for the frothy sentiment of Richardson: it was less a case of individual bias of judgment than of yielding to a prevalent frenzy—like the tulip craze that once swept over Holland, or the mania for monstrous hats that now possesses the women of two continents.

In Mr. John Graham Brooks's recent excellent biography of William Henry Baldwin, Jr., there is printed a part of a letter from Baldwin to an intimate friend, in which the writer speaks affectionately of his small library of carefully selected volumes, all fondly read and re-read, and clung to in preference to any later or less trustworthy candidates for his favor; and among the few he mentions by name is "Marius," as in need of a new binding. Assuming "Marius the Epicurean" to have been meant, we ask ourselves why this manager of railroads and active director in many great business corporations, this social reformer and trustee of Tuskegee, this friend of the negro and worker for the uplift of the poor in the South, this broad-minded and large-hearted philanthropist whom the oppression of the Jews in Russia and the massacre of the Christians in Armenia alike moved with wrath and pity,—why should he, of all men, go to Walter Pater, the secluded æsthete, the Aristippus of Oxford, the coiner of exquisite phrases, for spiritual or intellectual sustenance? What could there possibly have been in common between the minutely painstaking, the all but pedantic, author of "Marius," fashioning and re-fashioning his periods with the laborious nicety of a mediæval monk illuminating a precious manuscript, and the executive head of large undertakings in the modern world of affairs? It is a clear case of the attraction of opposites, and is capable of no more logical explanation. But in the very unaccountability of our literary likings lies the strongest proof of their genuineness. The things that are real in this world have a way of being inexplicable, or ultimate. What rests on a reason needs still another reason to support the first, and so on in infinite regression.

But with all this arbitrariness of individual choice there are, fortunately, some general bounds set to the play of whim and caprice in the selection of books. Otherwise the publisher's business would be an even more hazardous enterprise than it is, and the conduct of public libraries to the general contentment of the average reader would be rendered far more difficult. The mental and moral atmosphere of any particular period is the atmosphere breathed, perforce, by all who live at that time. Our standards of taste are, far more than we like to admit, determined for us, and it would be extremely difficult if not impossible for any one of us to develop a consuming passion for Paphlagonian poetry or for Tishbite drama when no one else in the world was similarly moved. Almost equally difficult, it is true, do some aggressively independent persons find it

to acknowledge a liking — perhaps even to feel it — for what all the rest of the world happens just then to be reading and praising. And so we demand, in degrees varying with each individual, some friendly approval of our literary loves, some cordial endorsement of our literary hates, inasmuch as we are all human; and also we occasionally welcome from others some measure of disapproval and some inability to sympathize and understand, in order that we may thereby flatteringly persuade ourselves of our own marked individuality and intellectual superiority.

But here we seem to be approaching the region of psychology, whose deep waters do not invite our present sounding.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A REAL "FIND" BY A PUBLISHER'S READER is an event so rare, as has been said by one of our genial literary essayists—perhaps Curtis or Howells, or someone who knew whereof he spoke — that when the patient literary purveyor discovers such a treasure among the reams of uncompellatory manuscripts through which he plods his weary way, he is so elated that he goes about clapping his friends on the shoulder and inviting them to take a drink with him in celebration of his luck. Some such spiritual exhilaration would have been pardonable, we fancy, to the reader for Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company when the manuscript of "Enchanted Ground" swam into his ken. The joyous event must have diffused an atmosphere of cheer through the sedate establishment on Park Street, and brought prosperity to the more hilarious centres of culture variously located on Tremont Street and Beacon Hill. And now the book is issued, and the public become sharers in the joy, not necessarily to celebrate its advent with libations, but to delight in it and go about telling their story-loving friends how good it is. For that it will be a favorite seems to us a safe prediction. It has freshness, novelty, delicate fancy, and sparkling humor,— innumerable graces of style and warm human interest of character and story that come like a grateful breeze across the arid waste of much of our contemporaneous fiction. The people whom we meet — and never meet too often — in these diverting pages are not theatrical figures from an artificial stage, but real persons from real life, the life of now and here. It is in New York — our modern Babel — that the story is laid; the city of Power, of Ambition, but most of all the city of Youth. And this is a story of Youth — its trials and struggles, its temptations and dangers, its triumphs and defeats; Youth, that finds here its Enchanted Ground, where it may dream and strive but must be ever vigilant, upon which save at its peril it must never sleep. It is like the place of vigils of the "Virginians of the Valley," where

> "Still the 'Golden Horseshoe' knights
> Their old Dominion keep;
> Whose foes have found Enchanted Ground,
> But not a knight asleep."

We know not if the title of this book was derived from Ticknor's poem, but the lines quoted might fitly have been placed on the title-page. It does not lessen the charm of the work to find its author, Mr. Harry James Smith, a comparatively unknown writer. We recall a short story by him, published in a magazine a few years ago, which left a distinct impression of power and fine literary workmanship. He appears also as the author of "Amédée's Son" on the title-page of the present volume. He certainly is a writer of promise. He works in his own field, and his touch is all his own; his style is singularly pleasing, devoid of affectation or mannerism — although we wish he had been satisfied with but one use of a word so dubious as *indicible*. But why speak of fly-specks on a fabric so finely wrought? One such episode as that of the old Frenchman (a famous *chef* in his time), and his wife, making a surreptitious pigeon-pie from a pet pigeon, and, after the fatigue of the achievement, calmly going to sleep beside the oven where the wonderful pie is burning to a cinder, alone compensates for the reading of the book. And there is no part of it which, once begun, is likely to be left unread.

* * *

THE LEGEND OF WASHINGTON'S PROFANITY AT MONMOUTH will doubtless survive, in company with the venerable tradition of the cherry-tree incident, with the oft-repeated assertion that men and women were burned for witchcraft at Salem, with the too-good-not-to-be-true story of Emerson's and Margaret Fuller's ecstatic comments on the dancing of Fanny Elssler, and with countless other picturesque falsifications of historic fact. The latest refutation of the swearing incident comes from the pen of Marion Harland (in her recently-published autobiography) on the authority of a Revolutionary veteran, one Sterling Smith, who was uncle to the autobiographer's grandfather. "He did not swear," declared the old soldier vehemently. "I was close behind him — and I can tell you, sir, we rode fast — when what should we meet running away, lickety-split from the field of battle, with the British almost at their heels, but Gen'ral Lee and his men. Then, with that, says Gen'ral Washington, speaking out loud and sharp — says he, 'Gen'ral Lee, in God's name, what is the meaning of this ill-timed prudence?'" Lee's answer, as given by Smith, was this: "I know of no one who has more of that most damnable virtue than your Excellency." And so, according to this witness, we have Washington indulging in nothing worse than a justifiable invocation of the Deity, and Lee garnishing his reply with a veritable swear-word. When John Fiske,

fifteen years ago, delivered at Charlottesville his lecture on "Charles Lee, the Soldier of Fortune," and alluded therein to this Monmouth incident, one of his hearers related to him from memory, and afterward reduced to writing at his request, the testimony of another Revolutionary veteran, one Major Jacob Morton, who claimed to have been within a few yards of Washington when the historic utterance was made. "My God! General Lee, what are you about?" was Morton's version of the passionate speech; and he added that when Lee attempted to explain his conduct, the other, his hand lifted high as when he had first spoken, waved it angrily and cried, "Go to the rear, sir!" Then he spurred his horse and rode rapidly forward. "The whole thing occurred as quickly as I can tell it to you," concluded the major, who, we are assured, was a man of well-known honesty, courage, and integrity. Fiske's lecture, with foot-note account of Morton and his report of the incident, is contained in the first volume of his posthumous "Essays, Historical and Literary."

* * *

THE PICTURESQUE SUPERFLUITIES OF SPEECH, in any living language, are surprisingly numerous. By picturesque superfluities we mean those colloquial and sometimes illogical additions that help to make a phrase or sentence more unmistakable or more emphatic in its meaning than if stripped of all but the strictly necessary elements. In these days of horseless vehicles by the tens of thousands, and of reckless chauffeurs at the steering-wheel, it is not astonishing that every week we read of some automobile as having "turned turtle"; and recalling from the happy days of childhood the helpless aspect of a mud-turtle on its back, we gain an immediate and vivid conception of the automobile's sorry plight. To turn, or to turn over, or to upset, would be strictly sufficient, and would satisfy the purist, but would not appeal so strongly to the imagination. House and home, might and main, toil and moil, by hook or crook — these are familiar examples of the emphasis gained by repeating an idea in other terms. To stick fast, to stop short, to join together, to rise up, to sink down, to cry out, to issue forth, — such instances of verbs redundantly helped out by prepositions or adverbs are innumerable. It is as if the mind were not nimble enough or adaptable enough to grasp a quick succession of naked statements; some loosely fluttering rags and strings of amplification must be appended to arrest attention and facilitate assimilation. Is not this one reason why none of the now numerous artificial languages has made much headway in its linguistic conquest of the world? It is as if the stomach were offered pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and told to digest them and build up thereon the bodily tissues. One of the more recent of these made-to-order tongues (the "Universal" language, we believe) has now withdrawn from the field in favor of French, its inventor perhaps perceiving the hopelessness of trying to foist on the world a mere skeleton of symbols under the name of a language. No more than man himself can a language, or a system of orthography, for that matter, live without "atmosphere."

* * *

THE PRESERVATION OF NEW ENGLAND ANTIQUITIES is to be systematically undertaken by a society just organized, with headquarters at No. 20 Beacon Street, Boston, whose purpose is to rescue from destruction or obliteration historic dwelling-houses, famous taverns, memorable battle-fields, etc., a museum being in contemplation for the housing of such movable material as shall be from time to time acquired. Civilized man differs from the savage in having a past and a future. The relics of our past have hitherto been treated with insufficient respect. The Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill, for example, than which no finer or historically more interesting example of colonial architecture could have been found, was torn down in 1863 — partly because Governor Hancock died before giving testamentary expression to his alleged intention of leaving the house to the Commonwealth, and partly because the legislature sitting in 1863 was too little enlightened and liberal to authorize the purchase of the famous building when it was offered at a low valuation. Such blunders and omissions it is the aim of the new society to guard against in the future. The first number of its Bulletin is an illustrated prospectus. Among the score of historic old houses pictured in its pages one fails to note that oldest and not least important of famous New England homesteads, the so-called Cradock House of Medford, which dates back to about 1634 and is still in an excellent state of preservation, thanks to certain timely repairs. The society invites correspondence from those desiring to join its membership, or who are otherwise interested in its work.

* * *

EASY VICTIMS OF SUPERSTITION are commonly found among actors, artists, musicians, young lovers, and others who, whether temporarily or habitually, live much in their emotions and let their reason slumber. To the ardent Romeo, his dreams "presage some joyful news at hand" on the very eve of his learning that Juliet "sleeps in Capel's monument." The veteran dramatic critic, Mr. George P. Goodale, contributes to "The Dramatic Mirror" some striking instances of actors' superstition. Edwin Booth cherished a shuddering abhorrence for the peacock's feather, a particular hoodoo of stage-folk. Upon the completion of Booth's Theatre in New York, a valued friend presented the actor-manager with a fine stuffed peacock of brilliantly iridescent tail. Unwilling to offend by declining the gift, Booth placed it on top of his desk, but presently declared to another friend that the new playhouse was doomed. A few years later he walked out of its doors bankrupt in purse and void of hope — all on account of that fatal peacock! Mr.

Robert Edeson, no neurasthenic victim of wanton fancies, is said to insist on carrying in his pocket, when he goes on for the opening scene in a play, a bit of the greased paint from the stick used by him in his first make-up for the professional stage. Mr. Frank McIntyre, the corpulent comedian, owes his confidence before the public to the presence on his person of the drawstring from the football suit he wore in "Strongheart." We have heard in regard to a certain well-known actress that she could not be cured of her mania for picking up pins in her walks, until a mischievous friend had strewn her path with these toilet accessories from her hotel to the theatre where she was playing, thus compelling her to do violence to her pet superstition or to miss her engagement. Probably there is no one, however severely rational, but keeps some little corner of his mind for unreason to run riot in. Life were otherwise too desperately a thing of causes and effects, a monotonous chain of antecedents and sequences.

* * *

AN INDIGNANT DENIAL OF AUTHORSHIP is sent to his American publishers by Mr. H. G. Wells, who professes inability to "understand the mental quality of the people who can suppose that I" — we quote his own words — "should deliberately write a lying preface over my own signature to a book by myself, stating in the clearest manner that I did not write it." The book in question is, of course, the much-talked-about "George Meek, Bath-Chair Man, by Himself." Absurd, preposterous, impossible, that he should have written it, declares the affronted author of "Mr. Polly" and "Kipps" and "Ann Veronica." "George Meek is a very real and inimitable human being," he continues, in the same tone of outraged innocence and grieved surprise, "and I am about as capable of fabricating his work as he is of fabricating mine. Will you kindly make this denial public in whatever manner you think best." And meanwhile the sale of "George Meek" goes merrily on, which may possibly soothe the perturbed feelings of the man who is not George Meek. Why is not this the "psychological moment" to bring out a new edition of the book with a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Meek (pushing his bath chair) and an appended affidavit, duly signed and witnessed, of his veritable existence and his actual authorship of his *bona-fide* autobiography? What a convincing retort that would be to these doubting critics of honest George!

* * *

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR PRIZE FOR THE BEST BOYS' STORY, the first considerable prize ever offered for juvenile fiction, is announced by the Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh. Two hundred pounds is the exact size of this tidy premium, and, like the recent prize offer of £250 from Mr. Andrew Melrose for the best novel, it is likely to evoke manuscripts from many new authors; like that also it may lead to the publication not only of the prize-winning story but also of the second and third best productions. Thus is talent rightly stimulated, and "good stuff" for young readers brought to light. The committee of award in this instance might well be made up from among the brightest youngsters from the Edinburgh public schools. Boys know what they like, and are frank in their opinions if given a fair chance to state them.

COMMUNICATION.

THE QUESTION OF "IMMORAL DRAMA."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your correspondent M. C. A., in your issue of August 1, argues for the essential validity of the statement, "There is no such thing, *per se*, as an immoral subject for a play." It should be noted that a critic of this dictum is not required to maintain that the *subject* is immoral, *per se*, but only that it is *immoral for a play*. I should certainly hold that there is no subject which may not be discussed in a moral manner, but that it may be so discussed in a play presented to the general public does not seem to follow. Nobody would dispute the statement that there are substances which, *per se*, are unfit for human food; is there not some analogy between our physical and intellectual *pabula*? The distinction between immorality and bad taste is perhaps not so fundamental as M. C. A. maintains. An immoral thing is one which is contrary to prevalent customs or practices considered good. Literally, only *acts* can be immoral (remembering, however, that in this sense a thought is an act); certainly science and philosophy must maintain that an immoral *subject* is an impossibility. Thus although the statement criticised and defended is in reality perfectly plain, it should have read, "There is no subject, the representation of which in a play necessarily constitutes an immoral act." The imagination of any reader should be sufficient to picture situations in which this would not be true.

Is it immoral to offend good taste? It must be remembered that all things are good or bad, moral or immoral, as in the long run they affect our thoughts and feelings. Surely it is illogical to argue that the offense ceases to be immoral in its nature when it affects them immediately and directly. Nevertheless, there is a real distinction, based on the fact that "good taste" in a number of matters is not universal. When I say a thing is immoral, without qualification, it is generally understood that it is contrary to *established* good custom. When I say it is in bad taste, I may be taking the liberty of assuming that *my* personal taste is a valid standard to go by, and am rarely supposed to be assuming that the offended "taste" is even nearly universal. On the contrary, while everyone claims to possess "good taste," all admit that it is very rare. It is because of this that I am not at liberty roundly to declare plays "immoral" because I detest them; but I may nevertheless conclude, after due meditation, that plays which I detest have an injurious effect on those who like them, and are, broadly and ultimately, subversive of the great established good purposes and ends of society. When I am convinced of this, I call them immoral, and thank my "good taste" for leading me to see the light.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

University of Colorado, August 8, 1910.

The New Books.

"CHANTECLER" IN ENGLISH.

M. Rostand's "Chantecler" has been "done into English," and is now to be had complete in book form. It is a prose translation, made by Miss Gertrude Hall. The question of an English version has been much discussed, and it must be confessed that the possibility of an adequate one is by no means proved even now. If "Chantecler" were primarily gallinaceous, our idom might assimilate him; but he is first of all Gallic, and he must, in spite of the translators, remain essentially Gallic to the end. As the national bird of France, his naturalization among us is about as problematic as that of "the lion and the unicorn" in the old song; and a single glance at the dumpy hang-tailed rooster, depressingly realistic, on the cover-page of a popular magazine, destroys all idea of his equivalence to the rooster rampant of the French *louis d'or*, cocksure and splendid, with swelling throat and proudly flaunting tail. Yes, *il y a une différence*. "Cockadoodledoo" has but a hint of the clarion ring of the French "*cocorico*"; we have no *fabliaux* or traditions of military glory to exalt and magnify the figure of the humble guardian of the poultry-yard, and our gold-pieces, unlike the French ones, bear a bird quite different from a crowing chanticleer. The mere idea of a barn-yard drama, therefore, impresses many of us as ridiculous There is little to excite the Anglo-Saxon imagination in this unnatural apotheosis of the ruler of the roost.

It is, indeed, more than likely that, except for some fugacious curiosity, this is the real American attitude toward Rostand's classic drama. The critic may talk as he please, the student and cosmopolite cry foul play, but the fact remains that national prejudices are untranslatable. Besides, it is extremely doubtful if domestic animals can be domesticated on the American stage. In general, we have no deep fellow-feeling for the animals, in spite of the success of the immortal Peter the Monk in dramatic vaudeville. Of course, Rostand's characters are not, *au fond*, animals. His psychology and his use of the emotions are absolutely human, since his characters are men disguised — two-legged animals *with* feathers, contravening the Aristotelian definition!

But Aristotle and the question of Rostand's ornithological orthodoxy will take us too far afield. Let us get back to "Chantecler." We had been led to believe, all along, that this translation would be in verse; not in alexandrines perhaps, but in appropriate pendecasyllabics. That was our dream of an English translation of "Chantecler," and the prosaic reality of the outcome is a disappointment. Yet Miss Hall has given us admirable verse translations of the French poets, and the charm and faithfulness of her versions of Verlaine make one regret that she neglected the opportunity afforded by Rostand's "Prologue" and the much-belauded "Hymn to the Sun." The prologue-poem, a veritable lyrical overture, strikes the keynote for the whole play; and its rendition into prose, with over six stanzas omitted, is the first sacrifice made to the pedestrian muse. After the Prologue they follow thick and fast: onomatopoetic effects, puns (not all translatable, to be sure), bits of dialogue, etc. Of course it was to be expected that liberties would be taken with the French; but if they are taken, the retention of the graceful lightness of the original should ever be the end in view, and it must be admitted that parts of this translation remind one too strongly of the incorrect correctness of the classroom. On the other hand, many of the puns are imitated in the English, often with considerable ingenuity, and the general faithfulness of the work is worthy of high praise.

One lays down the volume, however, with a definite conviction of the impossibility of translating Rostand. "Chantecler" in English is not "Chantecler" at all; nor could it ever be. The outlines, the colors, may be copied well enough, but the life, the spirit, the *esprit* which give to the original its light and fragile grace, are not to be recaptured in another tongue. One could instance a hundred untranslatable lines. It is a pity — but "Chantecler" in English can never be more than a colored photograph, a tissue-paper butterfly. We are afraid there is no help for it: we must brush up our rusty French if we are to enjoy "Chantecler." Fortified with patience plus a *dictionnaire d'argot*, we can easily get into the spirit of the original, and in the French we shall find that "Chantecler" has both rhyme and reason. We may miss some of the puns, of course, but in the sum total of Rostand's too abundant wit we may well lose them. We shall lose none of the onomatopoetic beauty of the French; we shall miss none of the poetry; nay, we may get from the play more than if we saw

*CHANTECLER. By Edmond Rostand. Translated by Gertrude Hall. New York: Duffield & Co.

it on the stage. Reports from France tell of many disappointed spectators,—and, indeed, to one who has read the play in the French it is evident that actors short of the very best could hardly fail to spoil it. With Guitry himself in the title *rôle*, did not Paris regret the exuberance of Coquelin?

Let us, then, keep away from the theatre and read "Chantecler," if we can, in the original. Inferior to "Cyrano" as a drama, it is perhaps equal to it as a dramatic poem; and the second act, with its exquisite picture of the sunrise, has a lyrical breadth and sweep that Rostand has never surpassed. The poem has a moral, too, which we shall not discuss, save to say that the splendid courage of the disillusioned hero is a keynote of the French character which Anatole France, with his deterministic pessimism, sometimes makes us forget. Read "Chantecler." With all its excess of technique, with all its strenuous virtuosity, it teaches a lesson of strenuous virtue.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

A VOLUME OF UNRETICENT MEMOIRS.*

Princess Helene von Racowitza, who served George Meredith as a model for his heroine in "The Tragic Comedians," offers her autobiography to the world with the prefatory warning that it is not intended for "timid souls or conventional thinkers, nor for those who are prudishly inclined or narrow-minded." Her reminiscences of a brilliant and rather tempestuous life have been written, it appears, "for emancipated people — for those independent souls who, having reached the pinnacle which stands above all conventions, look forward to the time when each one will be free to form his own life according to his individuality, untrammelled by social or family prejudices." That she has written with freedom and frankness, her pages leave no room for doubt; and while some of her disclosures might well have been reserved for her father-confessor, that thought seems not to have occurred to this broad-minded and independent lady. Certainly the story of her life reads like fiction, and may be of interest not only to those who knew her while she was in this country, but to all who enjoy a volume of sprightly memoirs.

Madame von Racowitza's heritage was unusual. Her father's family was originally a Swedish-Norwegian one, directly descended from the Vikings, with the fiercest of Norse blood in their veins; her mother belonged to one of the old and highly cultured Jewish families in Berlin, whose members during the eighteenth century gave to the world poets and philosophers such as the Ashers, Mendelssohns, Beers, and even Heinrich Heine. During Helene's childhood they lived in Munich, where their *salon* was the resort of eminent men and women, poets, artists, scholars, and of those then known in Berlin as the "Æsthetes." Helene's vivid temperament seems to have asserted itself even at this early period, according to an incident she relates of herself which occurred before she was a year old, while her parents were staying with the Crown Prince and Princess of Bavaria. One morning her mother left her in the castle garden in care of a nurse whose blithe dismissal of responsibility left Helene quite alone, crying broken-heartedly. The young crown princess, hearing the cries, hurried in their direction, and discovered the child lying face downward on the grass. On being carried to her mother, she shook the baby's fist at Madame Dönnige, saying "Little Helene must not be deserted like this; she is born to be loved, and will cry herself to death if she is left alone" — a commentary which was not without significance during the events of her later life.

Helene's early education included little that was conducive to ideals of a moral or religious nature. The atmosphere in which she lived she describes as that of an eighteenth-century novel: "I never remember that anything in our house was considered reprehensible except 'bad manners,' awkward speech or intonation, all and sundry that jarred upon the sense of beauty. In my father's as well as my mother's family there was an absolutely fanatical love of beauty. . . . Morals were of secondary consideration, although lying was strictly forbidden." At the age of twelve she was taken to private balls, and from that time on was made love to "officially," as she puts it. In describing the impression she made at that time, she quotes from Baron Voldendroff, who thus speaks of her in his "Remembrances of an Old Münchner":

"I entered the blue drawing-room, but my feet were arrested on the threshold by a wonderful picture. The sun's rays fell on the figure of a young girl who sat in the window niche — a girl of such extraordinary beauty that I instinctively held my breath in order not to disturb this creature out of a fairy tale. Dainty and winsome as a fairy, with sharply cut profile, in which the slightly aquiline nose and the finely drawn mouth were

*PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA. An Autobiography. Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. New York: The Macmillan Co.

conspicuous, she sat or rather reclined in the chair, her little head drawn back, as if by the weight of the glorious golden hair; her eyes were bent dreamily on the distance. And what eyes! Later on I often looked into them, but do not know yet what colour they are, whether grey, blue, or green. They continually changed colour; sometimes they wore the most gentle dove-like expression, sometimes — particularly when the heavy lids half hid them as if in fatigue — they flamed like eyes of a beast of prey. . . . At the noise of the closing door, she turned her head towards me and said with the greatest *aplomb*, 'Mamma is not here, but she will come directly,— do sit down.' I mentioned my name, upon which she made a graceful bow, and I greeted her with the words, 'I suppose you are the Helene we have been expecting from Berlin?' 'Quite right,' was the reply; and thus I beheld for the first time the enchantress Helene, who in later years was so passionately beloved and so bitterly reviled."

It was soon after this that her mother forced her into an engagement with a profligate Italian, whose suit, thanks to her kindly and clever grandmother, did not prosper. Once rid of the odious Italian, however, it was not long before she entered upon her first real love-affair, to which she abandoned herself so intensely that Baron von Kotzebue said of it later: "I have witnessed three elemental forces in my life. I have been in a typhoon; I have seen one of the greatest volcanic eruptions of this century; and I was a spectator of Helene von Dönnige's first love." Unable to obtain her parents' consent to a marriage with the charming Russian officer, she spent a winter with her grandmother in Berlin, where, while "calling upon the heavens for a Southerner with hot blood in his veins," she met Yanko von Racowitza, her dream of a dark fairy prince — her "Moorish page," as she often called him. He it was who later shot Lassalle, and whom Helene afterward married — regarding him as Lassalle's "innocent murderer."

On the eve of her promise to Yanko to "marry him if she did not find some one whom she could love far better, and if she did not go on the stage," she met Lassalle for the first time; and as the principal interest in her life attaches to her relationship with the French revolutionist, it is not amiss to quote her description of the event which had such tragic consequences. She was in a friend's drawing-room, sitting in the background that she might listen to the great man before meeting him.

"The folding doors opened, and two gentlemen stepped with the host into the lighted drawing-room. I do not know why, but having heard continually of Lassalle's mind and erudition, I had imagined him to be a little man with strongly marked Jewish features. As a matter of fact I had not thought much about his personal appearance, and one of the men was exactly as I have described. With him entered a tall figure with a Cæsar-like head and expression. It never entered my head that this could be Lassalle — the little Jew must be he! Clever men are ugly; but the tall, imposing one began to speak, and I forgot all else. I could only listen and listen, and at last, in a flash, I realized that it *must* be he and no other. Everyone in the room listened spellbound to his conversation, which was stormy and powerful, sweeping over everything I had hitherto considered as unalterable and sacred. . . . I listened entranced, enthusiastic, but nevertheless not agreeing with everything he was saying Suddenly I sprang up, and forgetting that this man had never seen me, I interrupted him by exclaiming, 'No! I do not agree with you there.' For one moment he stopped; the eagle glance of his commanding blue eyes was directed upon me, then a smile crept over his classic features, and stepping up to me he said softly, 'Ho, ho! so *this* is what she looks like! I thought so! That 's all right. And' — laughing heartily — '*No* is the first word I hear spoken by this mortal?' It was all over. In that very first moment he could have said that which he did a little later: 'We both knew that we had met our destiny in each other.' The people around us were forgotten. . . . We remained together the whole evening. When at last my relations got up to leave, Lassalle came out into the hall with me, wrapped me up carefully in my cloak, and, impatient at the long farewells in the drawing-room, opened the door of the flat, lifted me high in his arms, and carried me down stairs. No protest was made by me at such an absolutely incredible proceeding. It all seemed to me so natural, so much a matter of course . . . and when we arrived at my own door he said to me, 'Tomorrow I am coming to grandmamma to get her consent!"

The subsequent story of their engagement is well known,— Helene's failure to obtain the consent of her parents, their shameful mistreatment of her in their effort to break off the match, the consequent misunderstandings and loss of faith which culminated in the duel between Lassalle and Yanko.

"Now followed in my life months of sorrow beyond description. To be obliged to remain with my detested parents and to see no deliverance but in a marriage with the man who, even although he had not wished it, was still the murderer of Ferdinand. . . . Can one imagine a more terrible situation? The apathy I have already mentioned had taken possession of me and protected me during the earlier time from some desperate act. Poor Yanko surrounded me with such tender care, lamented and wept so bitterly with me over my fate that at last I pitied him even more than I did myself. In my eyes — I have said it thousands of times, and can only repeat it again and again — the murderer of Lassalle was not Yanko, but my father. Yanko had been forced into the appalling situation. They had bewildered his not too keen understanding with false notions of honor: persuaded him he must take my father's place and save my honor, which had been tarnished by Lassalle and the countess. In short, they had forced the weapon into his hand with which he, without wishing it (that I can swear before God and everything I hold sacred), had killed the man for whose sake he had really meant to sacrifice himself."

After their marriage, Yanko lived only a short time; and Madame Helene came to America with Serge von Schewitsch, with whom she

afterward went through the marriage ceremony three separate times. For a woman with so fine a disregard of the conventions, this certainly seems a little superfluous. The remainder of the volume is devoted chiefly to her twelve years' career as actress and author in this country. The portraits and other illustrations with which the volume is embellished add not a little to its attractiveness and interest.

MARGARET C. ANDERSON.

THE GREATEST OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRISTS.*

To draw a parallel between Herrick and Swift seems at first sight preposterous, so radical are the differences in their characters and works; but one can hardly read through Professor Moorman's interesting study of Herrick without observing striking similarities in his career to some in Swift's. Both were early left to the care of an uncle for support, one losing his father shortly after, the other before, birth; both found London their most congenial abode, and both accepted ecclesiastical appointment away from London; both liked their rustic parishioners none too well, and uttered their discontent at their necessary retirement in bitter words; both regarded less the sanctities of their profession than the cakes and ale of the joyous secular world; both wrote some verses more remarkable for their trenchancy of sentiment than for their delicacy of expression. But in their characteristic literary work they are the poles asunder: one is the sweetest singer of the Caroline lyrists; the other is the most vitriolic of the prose satirists of the reign of Anne.

We do not know a great deal of the life of Herrick, and we cannot draw with safety biographic inferences from his poetry. Professor Moorman has brought together all the facts furnished by a careful examination of the records and a judicious study of Herrick's work, and still there are large gaps unfilled. We know that he disappointed his uncle, the "close-fisted old knight" Sir William Herrick, when he refused to follow the latter's profession as a goldsmith and entered Cambridge at the mature age of twenty-two, and that he spent most of his spare time in college writing his uncle for money to meet his bills. The letters still exist as damning evidence against the old curmudgeon, who would not give his nephew what was rightfully his. He also studied law at Cambridge, partly because he could live more cheaply at Trinity Hall than at St. John's. When he came up to London, after graduation, he apparently dropped the law and became, what was much more congenial, the music at the

> "lyric feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tun,"

and dedicated verses to "Saint Ben, to aid me." Here he had many mistresses to inspire his verse, but they seem to have been mainly poetic, whether they are known as "stately Julia, prime of all," or as the more matter-of-fact Mistress Elizabeth Wheeler. He chose rather to "follow the primrose path of dalliance," enjoying to the full the pleasures of London, and taking no thought of the morrow.

> "I fear no earthly powers,
> But care for crowns of flowers;
> And love to have my beard
> With wine and oil besmeared.
> This day I'll drown all sorrow;
> Who knows to live to-morrow?"

But the morrow brought with it unexpected change, and in 1629 Herrick became vicar of Dean Prior in Devonshire. The thought of his new life inspired him to indite his verses bidding farewell to poetry and to the jolly company of Ben Jonson and his fellows in their London tavern. His new life was the cure of souls, not the music at the feast. But this life was not so dull and dismal as it seemed to him then and has seemed to many readers of his poems. Professor Moorman shows that his verses expressing his dislike for Dean Prior and his parishioners belong to the later years of his stay there, when his Cromwellian flock were in strong opposition to him as their royalist vicar and were of course prevailing. It was then that he broke out into diatribes against them as

> "A people currish, churlish as the seas,
> And rude almost as rudest savages;"

and of the place thus:

> "Search worlds of ice, and rather there
> Dwell than in loathed Devonshire."

That he sang of "May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes," as charmingly as he did of Julia and the liquefaction of her clothes, shows that he found pleasure in life, even though it was not in London. And his relations with his people were on the whole pleasant, even though it is recorded on doubtful authority that he one time threw his sermon at his congregation, with a curse for their inattention. We like to think of his happy relations with Prudence Baldwin, his faithful housekeeper, and to believe on quite

*ROBERT HERRICK. A Biographical and Critical Study. By F. W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D. New York: John Lane Co

insufficient evidence that he kept a pet pig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard, and to know that some of his "Noble Numbers" were handed down for one hundred and fifty years by oral tradition in the place where he ministered. At the end of eighteen years he went back to London, in 1647, as one of the "outed" clergy, who refused to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant. What else he did in London besides publish his "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers," we do not know in any detail; we do know that he returned to Dean Prior in 1662 and that he died in 1674.

The second part of Professor Moorman's work is a critical study of Herrick's poetry, the lyrical and non-lyrical poems of the "Hesperides" and the "Noble Numbers," and a discussion of the relation of the Elizabethan to the Caroline lyric. Professors Schelling and Wendell hold that the latter shows signs of degeneration in its evolution from the former; Mr. Swinburne saw in the work of Herrick the culminating glory of the lyric in this continuous period. Professor Moorman maintains that the difference is one of kind rather than of degree, and to prove his contention he outlines the development of this form in its various manifestations. There is the native product that reached its culmination in the matchless songs of the Shakespearean plays; there are the madrigals that came in under Italian influence, and the sonnets that were introduced by Wyatt and Surrey, both kinds in the main art-lyrics that lack the spontaneity of the native songs; and there are the verses of the "Miscellanies" which glow with the Italy of the Renaissance, and of which we have a famous example in Marlowe's exquisite "Come live with me and be my love." This poetry is that of "a nation in the first glory of adolescence, whose movements have an indefinable rhythmic grace, and whose outlook upon the world is untroubled by care or misgiving. It is a lyric which recreates for us the golden age long dreamed of by the poets of antiquity." But this lyric is rarely intense, individual; it does not reveal the recesses of the poet's soul. The Caroline poets, on the other hand, do reveal personality; and the first of them, Donne, lays bare his soul in every line he writes. For him his verse is the "cry of an intense and passion-swept soul." Thus, as the lyric became more subjective, it became more and more formally excellent, more and more a work of art. And the great agents in achieving this result were Ben Jonson, and through him the Greek and Latin poets, Anacreon, Catullus, and Horace. The conclusion is therefore that, though there may be a "loss of spontaneity, tunefulness, and at times of idyllic beauty, there is an immense gain in all that pertains to art. A sense of form and of structure manifests itself; and the lyric, sacrificing romantic charms, wins instead a certain classic grace. . . . The seventeenth century brought to lyric poetry the sense of individuality, the personal note, the lyrical cry of a human soul amid its pleasures and its pains, its hopes and its fears."

And of the seventeenth century lyrists, Herrick was the greatest. He had Jonson's classicism without his pedantry; he becomes so much a pagan at times that we have to stop and reflect that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. His anacreontics are as good as, and in his noble flights better than, Anacreon's. Lowell has called Herrick the "most Catullian of poets since Catullus," and in many respects this is true, though as a love poet he is far inferior to the Latin singer, since he never knew the pain that pierced the heart of Catullus. "By thine own tears thy song must tears beget." Perhaps more than to any other, Herrick's sympathies went out to Horace, both in respect to his philosophy of life and a kinship of tastes, and in their fine confidence in the immortality of their work. Among his contemporaries, Donne, and still more Jonson, influenced him; and yet to both he rises superior both in range of subject and in delicacy of touch.

May we agree, therefore, with Professor Moorman, and regard Herrick, the leading lyrist of the Caroline poets, as different only in kind and not in degree from the Elizabethans? His poetry is individual, personal; he has brought the lyric to an artistic excellence which undoubtedly surpasses anything attained by the earlier poets. But this very excellence is one of the marks of decadence, when it is not accompanied by intense feeling. And Herrick did not love deeply; he did not drink the cup of life to the lees, whether the draught was of joy or pain, and in his verse we do not get that intense cry that marks the supremest lyric utterance. He has no love-song of such poignant regret as Shakespeare's "Take, O take those lips away." His purely religious poems are singularly unemotional, and only the pagan ones in a Christian guise are poetic. His litany to the Holy Spirit is more playful than religious, and he can naively invite God to look upon his poems and assure Him that He will "take no tincture from my impure book." This playing

with emotions comes perilously near insincerity; and it, along with the absence of any soul-stirring emotion, marks the waning of the "golden summer of the English lyric," as Professor Schelling says. Yet the waning is beautiful, for it was that of the most rapturous period in our literature, when the world was still young and men had not lost all their illusions. So it is that "in holiday mood, we turn to the 'Hesperides,' and find refreshment of soul in the contemplation of an age that knew little of misgiving or disillusionment, and of a poet in whom, beneath the garb of an Anglican clergyman, there beat the heart of a votary of Apollo, 'for ever piping songs for ever new,' and bidding us gather rosebuds while we may in the bowered glades of Arcady." JAMES W. TUPPER.

LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.*

From that memorable day in July, 1609, when Champlain with his party of Algonquin warriors defeated the Mohawks, two centuries of conflict have been waged about the beautiful shores of the lake that bears his name. Lake Champlain and Lake George stood on the main thoroughfare between the French and English colonies, which was also the war road of the Iroquois. From 1609 to 1814, men struggled for their possession: at first the Indian and the French, then the French and British, finally the British and American. A century of peaceful occupation followed, and in 1909 the descendants of the warring nations came together on this historic spot to celebrate the tercentenary of its original discovery. As in the case of the similar celebrations at Quebec and New York, the Lake Champlain Tercentenary has given birth to a considerable body of special literature which, if not particularly original or historically important, at least serves to keep alive popular interest in the subject.

To this literary aftermath of the Lake Champlain commemoration belongs Mr. Max Reid's handsome volume on "Lake George and Lake Champlain." Starting with that sturdy explorer and colonizer, Samuel Champlain, he traces the story of the lakes through three centuries of discovery, warfare, and peaceful development. A chapter is devoted to discussing the probable site of Champlain's battle with the Mohawks in 1609, the author making copious quotations from an interesting monograph by Dr. George F. Bixby, tending to show that Crown Point, rather than Ticonderoga, was the scene of the conflict. In later chapters he summarizes the early history of the Mohawks, the Jesuit missions among the Iroquois, the Caughnawaga settlement on the St. Lawrence, the building of Ticonderoga and its dramatic history, the connection of the lakes with the French and Indian wars, with the conquest of Canada in 1759, with the American invasion of 1775, and with the War of 1812. Interspersed in the narrative are Indian legends and pioneer reminiscences bearing on the history of Lake Champlain and Lake George. These latter form by all odds the most interesting, and probably the most valuable, feature of the book. They constitute in many cases a distinct addition to our knowledge of the region, and, while far enough from historical accuracy, throw light on the men and manners of a bygone age. Mr. Reid is at his best in telling the legend of Therèse. Another story, lacking the romantic charm of that of Therèse, but not altogether devoid of dramatic interest, is the Iroquois legend of the mosquito. While perhaps not historically important, and possessing no very special bearing on the history of Lake Champlain and Lake George, the subject is timely enough to bear quotation.

"There were, in times of old [so the legend runs] two feathered monsters, permitted by the Maniton to descend from the sky and light upon the banks of the Seneca river, near the present route of the canal, at Montezuma. Their form was that of a mosquito, and they were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as they flew between it and the earth. Standing, the one on one side and the other opposite on the other bank, they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up as the stork king in the fable did the frogs. The destruction of life was great, for the embargo was so strictly enforced that an Indian could not pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and then only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondago nations of Indians. The battle was terrible, many warriors being slain by being transfixed with their dagger-like bills or trampled upon by their huge feet, while large war canoes were overturned and their occupants drowned, by a single blow of their ponderous wings. But the warriors finally triumphed, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain. But sad to relate, as their huge carcases decomposed in the sun, every particle became vivified and flew off daily in myriads of clouds of mosquitoes. And they have filled the country ever since."

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Reid should have thought it necessary to pad out his book by quoting verbatim a couple of chapters

*LAKE GEORGE AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN. The War Trail of the Mohawk and the Battleground of France and England in their Contest for the Control of North America. By W. Max Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

from Daniel Pierce Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys." Judge Thompson's style is revealed in the following sample:

"The brief ceremonies of the surrender were soon over; when, as the fortress was pronounced to be in full possession of the conquerors, the heavens were again rent by the reiterated huzzas of the Green Mountain Boys, while British cannon were made to peal forth with their deep-mouthed thunders, to the trembling hills and reverberating mountains of the country around, the proclamation of victory! — the first triumph of Young Freedom over the arms of her haughty oppressor."

This sort of "buncombe" may have tickled the intellectual palates of some of our grandfathers, but scarcely appeals to a more sophisticated generation.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

A RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

The French Revolution was made up of so many diverse currents that the task of interpreting it justly is sometimes facilitated by studying the impressions it has left upon the minds of men of widely varying convictions and temperaments. For example, the student who would be far from following M. Jaurès in his programme of social change may profit by reading his volumes on the Revolution, because their approach to many of its problems is free from the distorting effect of traditional prejudice, and because they emphasize sympathetically everything that concerned the fortunes of the common people. In the same way, one has a right to expect from a revolutionary like Prince Kropotkin some suggestive interpretations. To a certain extent the reader of this volume will not be disappointed. Prince Kropotkin has meditated upon the subject a long time. It is twenty-five years since he began his investigations of the peasant risings in France, with the aim of throwing light on the economic history of the Revolution. Although his book includes the general history of the movement, it is the economic aspects that he treats with fulness. One or two questions — notably the disposition of the communal lands or commons, ordinarily neglected — he discusses at considerable length. Upon everything that touches the abolition of the feudal system he also enters into detail. Unfortunately, the value of his work is seriously compromised, and for some readers will be destroyed, by his failure to comply with the one essential condition of cogency, the use of none but proved or provable facts, ignoring idle or malicious rumors, even if they conveniently confirm fixed prepossessions.

At the outset, one is met by sweeping but questionable generalizations upon the aims of the leaders in 1789. We are told that they "meant to concentrate all governmental power in the hands of a central executive authority, strictly controlled by the Parliament, but also strictly obeyed in the State." There is no hint here of that administrative anarchy, that fatal scheme of decentralization, which is the peculiar feature of the constitution built up by the Constituent assembly. To his imaginary constitution, Prince Kropotkin attributes in part a sinister aim. "By the side of this concentration," he says, "they intended to proclaim complete freedom in commercial transactions, and at the same time to give free rein to industrial enterprise for the exploitation of all sorts of natural wealth, as well as of the workers, who henceforth would be delivered up defenceless to any one who might employ them." He discovers all through the Revolution a settled purpose on the part of the middle class (and in this class he places the well-to-do farmers) to decide every question to their economic advantage; in other words, to "exploit" the situation, to substitute themselves for the clergy and the nobility as the privileged class. This is the reason, he thinks, why there was such a widespread desire on the part of the villagers to divide the commons, instead of leaving them intact as communal property.

Of the middle class, as well as of the nobles whom they drove from power, Prince Kropotkin is ready to believe every damaging rumor, or, rather, he accepts rumors unhesitatingly, as if in such a case evidence is not required. *Apropos* of the Réveillon riot, he repeats one of the slanders of the day, to the effect that Réveillon had made himself especially prominent by the brutality of his remarks to the poor, and had said, "The working man can live on black bread and lentils: wheat is not for the likes of him." In order to justify the murder of Flesselles, he alludes to an apocryphal correspondence. Although he has M. Flammermont's account of the fall of the Bastille before him, his own account contains a strange admixture of the rumors that were flying about Paris on that momentous fourteenth of July. He still believes that the uprising of the city nipped in the bud a scheme of the government to dissolve the Assembly, punish several of its leaders, and crush Paris in case of resistance, although the

* THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION. By P. A. Kropotkin. Translated from the French by N. F. Dryhurst. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

existence of such a plot was disproved by M. Caron two or three years ago in the *Revue d'Histoire Moderne*. He repeats the old story that Foulon "had promised to make the people of Paris eat grass" in explanation of his cruel fate later in July. It is needless to add instances of the historical method illustrated in this volume.

The case would not be serious were individual facts the only matters treated in such fashion. The account of feudal property is equally regardless of evidence. "Formerly," he remarks, "the whole of the land — meadows, woods, waste lands, and clearings — had belonged to the village communities. The feudal lord held the right of administering justice over the inhabitants, and most of them had also the right of levying various taxes . . . in exchange for which the lords were pledged to maintain armed bands for the defense of the territory." This may have been partially true of Russia, but such theories cannot be transferred bodily to mediæval France. Furthermore, the treatment of the abolition of feudalism is rendered inexact by the author's failure to refer to the texts of the several laws in the Duvergier collection. It must be repeated that discussion, or interpretation, is possible only if the simple principles of historical evidence are treated as constant factors.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

SOME VOLUMES OF AMERICAN VERSE.*

A striking commentary upon the indifference of our public toward the higher forms of literary expression is afforded by the note with which Dr. Weir Mitchell prefaces his latest volume of poems. He confesses to having published six volumes of similarly modest dimensions before the present one, and tells us that the average edition was of "two or three hundred copies, with an average sale of about fifty copies." A selected volume published in London "had a still more brilliant success than its predecessors in America. In all, eighteen copies sold in the first year, and, so far as I know, none since." Thinking that he would like to get possession of the remainder of this English edition, the author discovered that he could not have it sent to him, because some of the poems were copyrighted in America, and our exasperating laws forbade the importation. We tell the rest of the story in Dr. Mitchell's own words:

> "Accordingly, I desired Mr. Macmillan to burn the rest of the volumes or to consign them afresh to the paper-mill to serve for reincarnation of the poems in some more fortunate form. I asked also that fifty bound copies be sent to America. They were promptly stopped in the New York Custom-House. A book said to be copyrighted in America, printed in England, returned to America, the law forbids to enter. I asked what should be done with them. Might I buy them? I could not. I believe it was finally concluded to cremate them."

Truly, it is discouraging to be an American poet. One cannot sell his poems, and one cannot get possession of them to give them away! And Dr. Mitchell, as our readers well know, is a serious poet whose work fairly belongs to literature in the refined and restricted sense. If one were in doubt of this proposition, "The Comfort of the Hills, and Other Poems" would alone be enough to convince. It is a slender sheaf, but the grain is ripe and golden. We need do no more by way of evidence than quote these stanzas from the titular piece:

> "The years that come as friend and leave as foe,
> The years that come as foes, and friends depart,
> Leave for remembrance more of joy than woe,
> All memory sifting with Time's gentle art,
> Till He who guides the swallow's wintry wing
> Gives to our grief-winged love as sure a spring.
>
> "The mountain summit brings no bitter thought;
> And in my glad surrender to its power,
> Familiar spirits come to me unsought,
> But unto thee, my child, the twilight hour,
> When level sun-shafts of the waning day
> Their girdling gold upon the forest lay.
>
> "Here, long ago, we talked or silent knew
> The woodland awe of things about to be,
> And, as the nearing shadows round us drew,
> Some growing sense of unreality,
> Ancestral pagan moods of far descent
> That thronged the peopled woods with wonderment.
>
> "Art with me now, and this thy gentle hand?
> Or is it that love's yearning love deceives,
> And in too real a solitude I stand,
> Hearing no footfall in the rustling leaves,
> Sole comrade of far sorrows, left alone
> The awakened memory of a dream to own.
>
> "Slow fades the light of day's most solemn hour.
> The autumn leaves are drifting overhead.
> In vain I yearn for some compelling power
> To keep for me these ever-living dead.
> Peace, peace, sad heart; for thee a gentle breeze,
> God's angelus, is sighing in the trees."

There are not many poets living who could match these grave and lovely lines.

This fine sonnet "To Virgil" is from the "Poems of Belief" of the Rev. Theodore C. Williams, who has perhaps been more successful than any other translator in turning the "Æneid" into an English poem:

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* THE COMFORT OF THE HILLS, and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. New York: The Century Co.

POEMS OF BELIEF. By Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

FLOWER AND THORN. Later Poems by Lloyd Mifflin. New York: Henry Frowde.

HARMONIES. A Book of Verse. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

DORIAN DAYS. By Wendell Phillips Stafford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

NEW POEMS. By Richard Edwin Day. New York: The Grafton Press.

"Thy Rome died many deaths. Her native power
By slow diseases, such as nations know
When liberty is lost, became a show
And pageantry for slaves; then came the hour
Of outward death, as when a withered flower
Falls in a tempest; o'er her lying low
The barbarous legions in resistless flow
Rained seas of death on temple, street, and tower.

"But thou, imperial Virgil, couldst not die.
Still through strange seas thy storm-tossed Trojans fare;
Thy visions live; thy voice is singing still.
We wanderers in a vaster West descry
New worlds, new sorrows: but true hearts that bear
The sacred past, seek Heaven's prophetic will."

This is one of a group of several sonnets of equal distinction. Mr. Williams also writes stately blank verse, exemplified by such poems as "Seneca on the Soul" and "Ave Roma Immortalis." But the prevailing note of his volume is religious, as the writer's profession warrants and his title indicates. Sincerity of faith and loftiness of aspiration mark these religious pieces, which also have now and then a touch of mysticism. We may quote the Emersonian stanzas entitled "God in All":

"The flowing soul, nor low nor high,
Is perfect here, is perfect there.
Each drop in ocean orbs the sky,
And seeing eyes make all things fair.

"The evening cloud, the wayside flower
Surpass the Andes and the rose;
And wrapped in every hasty hour
Is all the lengthened year bestows.

"Therefore erase thy false degrees,
From stock and stone strike starry fire.
Lo! even in the least of these
Dwells the Lord Christ, the world's desire."

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's "Flower and Thorn" gives us an even fifty of his later sonnets, chaste, meditative, and inspired by the passion of varied idealisms. "The Lover's Retrospect" is one of the simplest and best in the collection:

"In deeps of Elis, when was done the chase,
Or ere she bathed, fair Arethusa stood
Star-like in beauty. In that solitude
Her loveliness lit all the leafy place.
Alpheus, seeing the soul-light of that face,
Loved her, although she did his arms elude;
At last beyond the blue Sicilian flood,
They rushed together in one long embrace:

"Light of my Youth! in days of adverse fate
I saw you standing by my life's lone shore
And passionately sought to clasp your hand;
But ah, than he I am less fortunate,—
Favored Alpheus! no Orfygian strand
Shall see our currents mingle, ever more!"

Form and substance are here welded into almost perfect union, and both are of the purest essence of poetry.

Mr. Howe's volume of "Harmonies" gives us graceful and cultured verse, of which the titular piece may be taken as fairly representative:

"Strange instrument of many strings
For men to play on, slaves and kings,
Let me but keep thee, Life, in tune,
That fall what may, by night or noon.
Still in the heart shall sing for me
One clear and constant melody.

"Too oft the clamor and the strife
Of living quench the notes of life;
Too oft they lose their customed way,
In alien sequences to stray.
Yet ever stealing back, they fall
Into the cadence sought through all.

"Then grief and gladness, love and pain
Blend all their harmonies again;
The heavens uplift a shining arch
Spacious above the soul's brave march:
If I but keep thee, night and noon,
Ever and truly, Life, in tune —
Strange instrument of many strings
For slaves to play on, and for kings."

It is not a deeper note but possibly a more solemn one, that is sounded in "The Field of Honor," with its fine ethical thought:

"Soldier and statesman fall no more
Like Hamilton, slain in his pride;
No sailor hero seeks the shore
To die as great Decatur died;
For honor's code of murderous lust
Lies buried 'neath dishonor's dust.

"Now in the dark east waits the day
Long prophesied, prayed, yearned for still,
When angered nations shall obey
God's law for men — thou shalt not kill.
Then all the codes of blood shall cease,
And fields of honor smile with peace."

We take the poem called "Gloria Victis" as our illustration of Mr. Stafford's "Dorian Days":

"Let the song cease and him who sang depart,
Singer and song have found enough of praise;
The tale was all for one and touched her heart;
He only sang to one and won her bays.

"Bear the dead knight in triumph though o'erthrown;
The herald, who proclaims him conquered, lies;
He jousted for his queen's delight alone,
And she looked on him with acclaiming eyes.

"Let the pale martyr bleed; he but obeyed
The unrelenting conscience's behest.
Of her, not of the world, he walked afraid,
And when he gave her all she gave him rest."

The greater part of Mr. Stafford's volume, as its title indicates, is made up of pieces upon classical themes. The author's blank verse is grave and restrained, almost Landorian in its simplicity and suggested strength.

A pleasant conceit is expressed in "The Sea-flowers," one of the "New Poems" of Mr. Richard Edwin Day:

"The living splendors of the main,
The pink and purple companies,
That spangle the untravelled plain,
Beneath the azure seas,

"Grow ever to an alien bloom,
And sow the deep with buds and leaves —
Blossoms that light the cold, vast gloom
O'er which the billow heaves.

. . . . .

"But vacant is each silent court,
And desolate each flowery way;
For in these paths no children sport,
Nor whispering lovers stray.

"No breeze of morning bends the stalks,
No evening zephyr lifts the boughs
That tremble only when these walks
Slowly the dead ship plows.

"Or when the shark, on stealthy cruise,
Seeking his prey with hideous grin,
Doth fan the creatures of the ooze
With his o'ershadowing fin.

. . . . .

"Yet violets on a bank of green,
Tossing blue bonnets in the sun —
A part of some bright human scene,
Then gathered one by one,

"Have their own glory, better far
Than that which dwells the seas below,
Though inaccessible as a star
And deathless as its glow."

Mr. Day turns for many of his themes to the romantic and legendary past — to the Greeks, the Norsemen, and the Moors. He has, particularly, a group of longish poems in swinging anapæstic triplets that are of highly imaginative quality. His sonnets also are admirable, and include a notable sequence paying tribute to Dante.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of a famous pianist.

Richard Hoffman, the New York pianist who died last August, had the good fortune to unite rare musical gifts with a healthy and normal personality. Messrs. Scribner's Sons have recently published a very attractive little volume called "Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years," containing a biographical sketch by the deceased pianist's wife, his own "Recollections," and a reprint of his essay entitled "How to Stimulate Thought and Imagination in a Pupil," published first in 1895 by D. Appleton & Co. An Englishman by birth, Hoffman came to this country in childhood, but his admiration for Queen Victoria was so great that he never renounced his allegiance to her. Established in New York as a teacher, composer, and concert performer, in 1852. he never changed his residence and rarely visited other countries or even other parts of this country; but the mountain came to Mahomet, and he seems to have been in close personal contact with a great number of the last generation's musical celebrities, as well as with an interesting list of the distinguished in other fields. He is very happy in catching the curious traits of the great men and women of whose work he gives us glimpses. Mendelssohn laying aside his baton and applauding with the audience; Leopold de Meyer being measured by his tailor while he gave a piano lesson; Giulio Regondi interesting the serious musical public with performances on the concertina; Hoffman and the "Boy Wonder" Joseph Burke trundling a rented piano on its castors along the street to the owner's house after one of their concerts; Sigismund Thalberg practising two bars of one of his own compositions all night long; Gottschalk biting his nails till he was unable to execute a *glissando* movement; — these and a hundred other eccentric touches make the book a very engaging one. While not in any sense a sensational or "trick" performer, Hoffman himself will be remembered for his amazing quickness at sight-reading, which made it possible for him on several occasions to take the place of another performer on a moment's notice and play the most difficult music with accurracy and expression. His memoirs are strewn with very positive general statements, which should set students of musical problems to thinking. He is sure that too much attention is being paid nowadays to technique, and too little to the expression of feeling. He tells us that the players of the last generation were more finished performers, because they did not scatter their studies over so great a variety of material. He considers the English chorus singers the best in the world, and his general estimate of musical England is very different from the current one. He is an optimist with regard to the musical future of America, from which country he predicts that "the great composers of the twentieth century" will come.

The Elizabethan dramatists on their own work.

Mr. Bernard Shaw somewhere says that he would willingly sacrifice one of Shakespeare's plays (which one, if we remember correctly, he does not specify) for the sake of a preface, — written, we should presume as a necessary qualification, with the usual brilliance of G. B S. Shakespeare never wrote a preface, but he did drop a few casual remarks about the art of the drama; these, along with those of his contemporaries in the Elizabethan drama, Dr. David Klein has brought together into a volume entitled "Literary Criticism from the Elizabethan Dramatists" (Sturgis and Walton Co.). The work considers first the criticism up to 1600, then that of Shakespeare and of Jonson, who had more to say about their art than practically all the others and on that account are given separate treatment, and finally that from 1600 to the closing of the theatres. Shakespeare stands forth as the romantic critic, Jonson as the classical; the former conceived the theory of the contemporary drama, the latter founded the school which culminated in the eighteenth century. One emphasized "the inspirational aspect of poetic creation," the other declared that not inspiration but diligent labor produces poetry. The function of the drama develops from the purely moral purpose to that of profit and delight as in themselves sufficient. Authority is cast aside as the drama becomes aware of its own strength; and here the dramatists are at entire variance with the professional critics, who echoed the continental criticism, which was only a scholastic elaboration of Aristotle's "Poetics." They realized too, — even Jonson admits this in two places, though it is not his usual belief, — that the people are the ultimate judge of the worth of a play. Jonson set his fellows thinking about the question of plot, and they bettered the instruction in that they saw its importance, though they differed as to what constituted a good plot,

whether it should be simple or complicated. Jonson, unlike Shakespeare in the main, was opposed to the classical unity of action, but he held to the others; thus he is reversed in modern theory. The literary quality of the drama was a matter of importance in that day, and the modern drama shows signs of a return to that belief, notwithstanding Dr. Klein's statement that the playwright to-day disregards or despises that quality. Out of the criticism of the dramatists came two profound truths: "first, that freedom is essential to art; second, that the imagination is supreme in the sphere of art." In the words of Professor Spingarn, who furnishes a short Introductory Note, "Dr. Klein deserves the thanks of scholars for having made this material accessible in a single volume." As to why he should have such spellings as "Aischylos," "Lily," and "Marlow," we must confess our ignorance, unless it be that the first is a reversion to type, and the others have become "reformed."

A narrative of love and intrigue in Württemberg.

Eberhard Ludwig, Duke of Württemberg in the early part of the eighteenth century, lived for twenty years in subservience to his capable and unscrupulous mistress, Wilhelmine von Gravenitz, a Mecklenburg adventuress. This woman's life is told by Marie Hay in a volume entitled "A German Pompadour" (Scribner). Marie Hay has a certain skill in fleshing out historical episodes into sensational half-romances, and her book has had its popularity. It was originally published in 1906, was reprinted the same year, and the present edition is the third one. There is a superabundance of cheap poetizing, and a cynical treatment of scandalous incidents which is not pleasing; but the story itself is an exciting one, and is told with spirit. There is no documentation, and the curious reader is tormented to know how much of the unique complication is history and how much is romance. He is the more at a loss because the work is so nearly *sui generis*. It is too rich in detail and psychologizing to be a faithful recounting of the events of two centuries ago; it sacrifices dramatic effect to the known facts of history too often for romance, even the harnessed and hobbled romance of Mühlbach and Musick. It is a literary nondescript. Wilhelmine's career is a romantic one. Summoned in 1705 to Stuttgart from Güstrow in Mecklenburg by her ambitious brother, who held a place at Court, Wilhelmine seems at once to have attracted the young Duke's favorable attention by her commanding beauty and her marvellous singing voice, and to have easily displaced the favorite of the hour, Madame de Gevling. Through the new-comer's influence, a palace was built at Ludwigsburg, and the Court — composed largely of her relatives and accomplices — was transferred thither, leaving the Duchess Johanna Elizabetha and her sickly son to pine away in neglect at Stuttgart. The Duke surrendered his authority, and Württemberg was managed, even to the pettiest details of government, by a low-born foreign woman without legal status; Eberhard Ludwig and his sweetheart were even parties to a marriage ceremony, which was promptly declared null and void by the Emperor. The reaction came; the favorite was deposed, exiled, recalled, tried for various offenses, convicted, sentenced to life imprisonment, and, outliving the Duke and the Duke's line, pardoned at last, dying on a visit to a half-deserted village which was once her brilliant capital of Ludwigsberg.

Recollections of Army life on the plains.

"Army Life on the Plains, and the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre, with an Account of the Celebration of 'Wyoming Opened'" (Lippincott) is a realistic and stirring relation, forty years after, of the hardships and perils encountered by Mrs. Henry B. Carrington in her westward journey in 1866 to join her husband at a frontier military station in the then great Dakota Territory. After letting her manuscript lie and season for two years, Mrs. Carrington was moved to take it in hand again and add the narrative of her revisiting the old scenes on the occasion of the late celebration in honor of the victims of the Fort Kearney massacre. In that terrible slaughter she lost her first husband, Lieut. George W. Grummond, whose commanding officer, Colonel Carrington, she married five years later. The daily and hourly dangers from hostile Indians, and the winter sufferings from intense cold, with numerous other tests of her fortitude and endurance, are unrhetorically set forth in Mrs. Carrington's interesting narrative, which is accompanied by illustrations and maps. In reviewing the changes that forty years have wrought in our great West, she refers to the coming of the railroad, to her own experience as "the only woman passenger on the first passenger train that went over the newly-laid track, nearly a hundred miles west from Omaha," and adds that now, instead of one road, we have three transcontinental lines. Railway progress has been even greater than that, as the latest maps indicate. The book is valuable as an eye-witness's account of memorable conditions that have long ago ceased to exist.

The cult of spiritual hygienics.

Psychotherapy is in the air, and the world is more or less influenced by the widespread preaching of the gospel of spiritual hygienics. It is not amazing, therefore, that two simultaneous versions of Feuchtersleben's *Zur Diätetik der Seele* should appear at this time; and, fortunately for their translators and their publishers, neither need stand very much in the way of the other. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn's translation, entitled "Health and Suggestion" (Huebsch) is in substance a faithful rendering of the original, briefly prefaced by the translator; while Mr. Gustav Pollak's book, "The Hygiene of the Soul" (Dodd) presents the Austrian physician's views on the subject in a very free adaptation, with much comment and related matter interspersed, and

with a prefatory account of Feuchtersleben's life and work. In fact, Mr. Pollak's sub-title, "The Memoir of a Physician and Philosopher," well indicates the nature of his book. Ernst Baron von Feuchtersleben was born in Vienna in 1806, and died there in 1849. His authorship of the popular German song beginning, *Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath*, besides other verse and prose, makes him interesting in a literary way; but his best-known work is that of which we are now speaking, which appeared in 1838, and has now forty-six German editions to its credit. An English version appeared in London in 1852, as Mr. Pollak tells us, and this was reprinted in America in 1858, and again republished in a revised form in England in 1873. Some aphorisms culled from Feuchtersleben's "Leaves from a Diary" are added to the original work, and a number of these have been reproduced by both Mr. Pollak and Mr. Lewisohn. The specimens given seem hardly to justify Mr. Pollak's opinion of the author as ranking "with the great writers of all countries in this branch of literature." As a psychotherapist, however, he is esteemed by Dr. Elwood Worcester and others of the school.

A useful Shakespeare drill-book.

There is much useful material, not only for the teacher but also for the general reader of studious bent, in Professor Albert H. Tolman's "Questions on Shakespeare" (University of Chicago Press), of which the first two volumes have just appeared. The First Part, which is introductory, consists of a compact exposition of Shakespeare's language and verse, and a select and valuable bibliography arranged under fifteen topics. We cannot agree with Professor Tolman that the metrical stress should be identical practically with the grammatical or sense stress, that, for instance, "That her | wi'de wal'ls | encom | pass'd but | on'e m'an" should have both syllables stressed in the second and the fifth feet, and that neither should be stressed in the first and the fourth. So read, it becomes prose, not verse. Even in prose, the "but" bears a stress. The Second Part is a drilling in questions of a general nature, then on individual acts and scenes, characters, sources, and text. In this part our author takes up the first histories — the three parts of "Henry VI.," and "Richard III."— the early poems, and the first comedies —"Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "A Midsummer-Night's Dream." The questions are such as will demand a lot of thinking and considerable reading in order to arrive at satisfactory answers.

The cobbler-poet of the Reformation.

Mr. William Leighton has translated some forty-five of Hans Sachs's "Merry Tales" and three "Shrovetide Plays" (David Nutt) into trotting Hudibrastic verse, and has prefaced them with a brief "Foreword" on the life and work of the author. This translation gives the English reader a very good idea of the mild satire of the cobbler-poet of the Reformation, for these poems are mainly satirical of common conditions at that time; he pokes fun at the guilelessness of the peasant, the clever rascality of the impecunious student, the greed and laziness of the religious orders, the sorrows of the jealous husband, the iniquities of the cheating landlord. All this is done without the bitterness of his contemporary Protestant reformers, more after the fashion of a rustic Chaucer who disapproves of the present shocking state of affairs but whose sense of humor forces him to smile at it. The frontispiece to this volume is a good reproduction of a fine portrait of old Hans from a seventeenth century wood-cut.

Indian legends of the great Northwest.

Much of the glamor that surrounds the red man of the western wilderness is doubtless due to the freedom, real or imagined, of his forest life, and to the sublimities of nature amid which he moved. Something of the unfading glory of that life in the open, under the spell of majestic mountains, mirror-like lakes, pathless forests, and boundless prairies, has been caught and preserved for us in the pages of Miss Helen Fitzgerald Sanders's "Trails through Western Woods," published by the Alice Harriman Co. of Seattle. Many quaint legends and well-executed descriptive sketches are to be found in its pages. In at least one instance, we are told, native tradition never before published is presented on the authority of an Indian narrator, as translated by an experienced interpreter. Like all folk-lore, it is crude, simple, childish, and of small value or interest in itself; but it helps one to conceive of the vanishing Indian as he really was. In a vein of retrospective regret the author says: "Lafcadio Hearn expressed pity for the cast-off Shinto gods whose places were usurped by the deities of the Buddhist creed. Likewise, the best Christian amongst us, if he looks beneath the surface into the heart of things, must be conscious of a vague regret for the quaint, mythical lore which cast its glamour over the wilderness; for the poor, vanished phantoms of the wood and the gods who have fallen from their thrones. Sometimes in the remotest mountain solitudes we dare to acknowledge thoughts we would not harbour elsewhere."

Four leading American essayists.

The third volume to appear of Professor Trent's "Biographies of Leading Americans" (Holt) is Mr. William Morton Payne's "Leading American Essayists," including Irving, Emerson, Thoreau, and Curtis. The Introduction treats briefly of lesser essayists born before the middle of the last century. Some important writers are left for other volumes in the series; Lowell and Holmes, who are essayists as well as poets, are to be treated under the latter class. It is questionable whether such arbitrary classification of literary biographies is satisfactory. There is certain to be considerable overlapping of writers from one class to another, and not infrequently the work in each class may be of the first

importance. In the individual biographies one cannot regard only the work done by the author as poet or as essayist or as novelist; the full work of the man must be brought out in the outline of his life and his literary development. If, again, one wishes to study any one *genre*, such as the essay, one must hunt through the series to get at all the essayists and to know their work. The biographies in the volume before us are well done. They are no mere compilations of facts from the lives of the subjects, but succinct and readable accounts of the development of these men as literary forces in the great era of American letters. As far as possible, the men themselves or their contemporaries are made their own interpreters.

BRIEFER MENTION.

In a volume entitled "The Health of the City" (Houghton) Mr. Hollis Godfrey has written ten chapters on the best way to secure health for the residents of cities. He writes out of full knowledge, and in an interesting style, of such matters as air, milk, food, water, ice, plumbing, noise, housing, etc. A carefully selected bibliography is added.

"Euthenics, the Science of Controllable Environment," by Ellen H. Richards, is a timely book issued by Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston. Nine-tenths of the questions which absorb the energies of most legislators are petty compared with those discussed by the talented New England woman who does so much to make the fundamental physical sciences serve higher human efficiency. In a wasteful age and land, this message is needed. The table of activities and methods found at the end of the volume is an admirable summary of the argument and a definite programme for community action.

A second edition of Mr. R. H. Lock's "Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution" (Dutton) has recently been issued. It is substantially a reprint of the first edition, the only change of particular moment being the addition of a chaper on Eugenics. Minor additions and revisions have brought the other chapters into accord with the developments which have occurred in the subjects treated during the period from 1906 to 1910. There is no apparent reason why this second edition should not succeed to the popularity achieved by the first as a clear and non-technical exposition of the general significance of the results of investigations made during the last decade in the field of evolution.

In Mr. Harold Waldstein Foght's "American Rural School" (Macmillan), we have a systematic and well-rounded discussion of the essential aims and principles of the hosts of teachers who are trying to better conditions in the country school. Mr. Foght has done his work thoroughly well; he knows the facts and is capable of interpreting them from the standpoint of a professional teacher. He gives in one volume a summary of the discussions by competent leaders on the subjects of organization, administration, maintenance, supervision, training, salaries of teachers, sanitation, æsthetic problems, gardens, clubs, manual training, libraries, hygiene, and consolidation. The recommendations are wise, timely, and practical, the style spirited and clear; but the bibliography, although good as far as it goes, might well have been made more complete.

NOTES.

A new volume of Dr. Samuel M. Crothers's essays is a welcome announcement of the Fall season. Mr. Howells will also have a new volume.

Mr. Herbert N. Casson, who not long ago gave us "The Romance of the Reaper," has now prepared for early publication "The Romance of the Telephone."

Probably the most interesting drama of the Fall publishing season will be M. Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," a play founded on the familiar Biblical theme.

"The Book of Ruth" is soon to be brought out in an attractive illustrated edition by the Dodge Publishing Co., with an introduction by Bishop William A. Quayle of Oklahoma.

Mr. Randall Parrish will have two new books to his credit this Fall. One of these, "Keith of the Border," is a tale of the Western plains; the other is a story for boys entitled "Don MacGrath."

Mr. Robert Hichens's articles on the Holy Land, which with Jules Guérin's splendid illustrations in color have been appearing in the "Century Magazine," will be issued shortly as a holiday gift-book.

An attractive "Portrait Catalogue" of the publications of the Baker & Taylor Co. has recently appeared. We are reminded in its pages that this house is one of the oldest in the American trade, its existence dating back to 1830.

The "Memories and Impressions" of Madame Helena Modjeska, comprising an autobiography of the great Polish-American actress, promises to be one of the most interesting biographical works of the coming season.

The forthcoming novel by Mr. J. C. Snaith, entitled "Mrs. Fitz," is said to combine the setting and atmosphere of modern English country life with the spirit of romance and adventure associated with the Zenda type of fiction.

September 13 has been fixed upon as the publication date of Mr. William de Morgan's new novel "An Affair of Dishonor." While shorter than this author's previous books, the new story is said to be twice as long as the average novel.

The eighteenth edition of Winwood Reade's study of civilization entitled "The Martyrdom of Man," with an introduction by Mr. F. Legge, is published by the John Lane Company. The recurring reprints of this work attest to its permanent value.

The recent death of Dr. William J. Rolfe will bring to a close the revision of his edition of Shakespeare's plays, which was going forward, and which the Baker & Taylor Co. are issuing in a special limp leather edition. The volumes hereafter to be issued in this form will contain all of Dr. Rolfe's notes in unabridged form.

At least three new books by Mr. E. V. Lucas will enliven the coming season. Chief among these is "Mr. Ingleside," a long novel of modern English life. The two others are "The Slowcoach," a book for children; and "The Second Post," an anthology of letters on the same plan as "The Gentlest Art."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is said to have entered upon a new literary field in a series of detective stories. Strange to say, his hero is not a Sherlock Homes or a Lecoq, but a gentle little parish priest who uses his knowledge of human nature gained in his religious work

to unravel mysterious crimes which have baffled the police. These stories, which are to be first published in serial form, are to begin with one entitled "The Innocence of Father Brown."

"The New Machiavelli" is the title chosen by Mr. H. G. Wells for his new novel, now in press. It is said to be more similar in style to "Tono-Bungay" than to "Ann Veronica" or "Mr. Polly," and it was composed, after the author's fashion, in the intervals of writing the other two.

In the early Fall, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will bring out a noteworthy illustrated edition of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans," for which Mr. E. Boyd Smith has made eight colored illustrations, and numerous outline chapter-heads, on somewhat the same plan as those of his illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," published last year.

Hitherto there has been no trustworthy account, in available form, of the woman's suffrage movement, which has lately made such tremendous headway. This lack is soon to be supplied in the publication of two important books,—"The Suffragette," by Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst, a daughter of the famous English leader; and "What Eight Million Women Want," prepared with more particular reference to the movement in this country by Mrs. Rheta Childe Dow.

Those who have already been startled by some chance discovery of the debasing and deadly conditions of residence in our cities ask for a definite, practical, and authoritative plan of improvement. An attempt to meet this need is made by Mr. Lawrence Veiller in a timely work on "Housing Reform." Mr. Veiller is one of the best informed men in the world on this particular subject; he is master of all the technical problems involved; he has a constructive policy; and he knows how to state his points clearly and forcibly. He has been criticized for his conservative attitude toward municipal ownership of tenement property; but no one can deny that he bases his objections on past experience. His suggestions for legislative and municipal regulation are wise and radical in the best sense.

A "Modern Criminal Science Series" of books written by continental authorities is an important enterprise announced by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. It appears that the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology is behind the enterprise, for this organization is of the opinion that America is backward in intelligent and systematic improvement of the criminal law. It was decided therefore to translate and publish, with American introductions, the principal works dealing with the individualization of present treatment and the causes of crime that now hold the stage of thought on the Continent. The first book to appear will be "Criminal Psychology," by Professor Hans Gross of Austria, translated by Dr. Horace M. Kallen, lecturer in philosophy at Harvard; the author will supply a special preface for American readers, and Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin will furnish an introduction. This work will be followed later in the season by "Modern Theories of Criminality," by C. Bernaldo de Quiros of Madrid; the translator is Dr. Alphonse de Salvio of Northwestern University, and an American preface to accompany the translation has been prepared by the author, while Dr. W. W. Smithers of Philadelphia will supply an introduction. Other volumes to follow in 1911 include "Crime, Its Causes and Remedies," by Cesare Lombroso; "Criminal Sociology," by Enrico Ferri, Professor of Criminal Law and Procedure in the University of Rome; "The Individualization of Punishment," by Raymond Saleilles, Professor of Comparative Law in the University of Paris; "Penal Philosophy," by Gabriel Tarde, late Magistrate in Picardy, France; "Criminality and Economic Conditions," by W. A. Bonger, Doctor in Law of the University of Amsterdam; "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo, late President of the Court of Appeals of Naples; and "Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg of Cologne.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 60 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Authorship of Timon of Athens. By Ernest Hunter Wright, Ph.D. Large 8vo, 104 pages. "Columbia University Studies in English." The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Durable Satisfactions of Life. By Charles W. Eliot. 12mo, 198 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1. net.

Studies in Dickens. Edited by Mabell S. C. Smith. 12mo, 295 pages. Chautauqua, N. Y.: Chautauqua Press. $1.25 net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

A Laodicean: A Story of To-day. By Thomas Hardy. New edition; with frontispiece in photogravure, 16mo, 500 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Hereward the Wake. By Charles Kingsley. New edition; illustrated, 8vo, 517 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Handy Volume Classics. New volumes: Best American Essays, edited by John R. Howard; Best American Orations, edited by John R. Howard. Each with portrait, 16mo, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per vol., 35 cts. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Sable and Purple, with Other Poems. By William Watson. 8vo, 48 pages. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

The Poetic New World. Edited by Lucy H. Humphrey. 16mo, 326 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

The Time of the Singing of Birds. 16mo, 126 pages. Oxford University Press.

To the Unborn Peoples, and Other Poems. By Ellen M. H. Gates. 8vo, 66 pages. Baker & Taylor Co.

Visions. By Thomas Durley Landels. 12mo, 59 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

The Demon. By Lermontoff; translated by Ellen Richter. 16mo, 52 pages. London: David Nutt. Paper.

The Second Shepherd's Play, Everyman, and Other Early Plays. Translated, with introduction and notes, by Clarence Griffin Child. 16mo, 138 pages. "Riverside Literature Series." Houghton Mifflin Co. 40 cts. net.

FICTION.

Enchanted Ground: An Episode in the Life of a Young Man. By Harry James Smith. 12mo, 345 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.20 net.

The Glory and the Abyss. By Vincent Brown. 12mo, 302 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Meddlings of Eve. By William John Hopkins. 12mo, 297 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1. net.

The Fruit of Desire. By Virginia Demorest. 12mo, 332 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

The Golden Centipede. By Louise Gerard. 12mo, 309 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Window at the White Cat. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated in tint, 12mo, 379 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Now. By Charles Marriott. 12mo, 312 pages. John Lane Co. $1.50.

The Prodigious Hickey: A Lawrenceville story originally published as "The Eternal Boy." By Owen Johnson. Illustrated, 12mo, 335 pages. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

RELIGION.

The Coming Religion. By Charles F. Dole. 12mo, 200 pages. Small, Maynard & Co, $1. net.

Seeking after God. By Lyman Abbott. 12mo, 159 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1. net.

From Text to Talk. By Addison Ballard, D.D. 8vo, 214 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1.20 net.

Notions of a Yankee Parson. By George L. Clark. 12mo, 125 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Writing on the Clouds. By Arthur Newman. 16mo, 91 pages. Sherman, French & Co. 90 cts. net.

From Passion to Peace; or, The Pathway of the Pure. By James Allen. 12mo, 64 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cts. net.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Guida Degli Stati Uniti per L'Immigrante Italiano. By John Foster Carr. Illustrated, 12mo, 85 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. Paper.

Woman in Church and State. By Stanton Coit, Ph.D. 16mo, 70 pages. "Ethical Message Series." Bayswater, England: West London Ethical Society. Paper.

Democracy. By A. Flack. 16mo, 30 pages. Cochrane Publishing Co.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Boys' Cuchulian: Heroic Legends of Ireland. By Eleanor Hull. Illustrated in color, 8vo, 279 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50 net.

God's Troubadour: The Story of St. Francis of Assisi. By Sophie Jewett. Illustrated in tint, 8vo, 185 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.

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Chinese Fairy Stories. By Norman Hinsdale Pitman. Illustrated in color, 12mo, 183 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.

The Children's Plutarch. By F. J. Gould; with introduction by W. D. Howells. First volumes: Tales of the Greeks; Tales of the Romans. Each illustrated, 12mo. Harper & Brothers. Per vol., 75 cts.

Boy Scouts of America: A Handbook of Woodcraft, Scouting, and Life-craft. By Ernest Thompson-Seton and Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Illustrated, 8vo, 192 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. 25 cts.

EDUCATION.

Medical Education in the United States and Canada: A Report to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. By Abraham Flexner; with introduction by Henry S. Pritchett. Large 8vo, 346 pages. Boston: Merrymount Press. Paper.

A First Book in Psychology. By Mary Whiton Calkins. 8vo, 419 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.90 net.

History of American Politics. By Alexander Johnston, LL.D. New edition; 16mo, 445 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. Vol. VI., 1910-1911. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. 12mo, 2436 pages. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co. $5. net.

A Reading and Reference List of Books on Building and Building Trades, in the Brooklyn Public Library. 12mo, 29 pages. Brooklyn Public Library. Paper.

Index to Bishop Meade's Old Churches, Ministers, and Families of Virginia. Edited by Jennings Cropper Wise. Richmond, Va.: Printed for subscribers. Paper.

A Bibliography of History for Schools and Libraries. By Charles M. Andrews, J. Montgomery Gambrill, and Lida Lee Tall. 12mo, 224 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. 80 cts. net.

Fifty-Third Annual Report of The Wilmington Institute of Wilmington, Del., 1909 and 1910. 8vo, 27 pages. Wilmington, Del.: Charles L. Story. Paper.

A Book of Battles and Sieges. By Laurence H. Dawson. 32mo, 255 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50 cts.

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Moral Education. By A. G. Flack. 16mo, 61 pages. Cochrane Publishing Co.

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